

Sugar baby // a guide to escape your mother's death grip OR a weird way of falling in love by Pixueta

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Summary:

Eddie Kaspbrak has been waiting to run away from Sonia ever since he was a kid and discovered she'd lied to him his whole life. Now that he is eighteen, he looks for ways to escape her death grip and stumbles across a particularly creative one during a Google research.

Or: the bratty Eddie Kaspbrak we all need at least once in our lives.

1. www.sugarbabyspot.com

Author's Note:

Hello everyone!! Thank you for stopping by and clicking on this fic. I've been working on this one for a while now, and I hope you like it.

I wanted to write about Eddie in a new perspective: an eighteen year old who wants to see the world and explore his sexuality, and is not ashamed of owning his body and who he is in order to do so. You'll see how his perspective on the world of sex workers and in particular sugar babies changes from doubtful to interested to actually excited. Though his initial plan starts to change when he meets a certain TrashmouthT on the server...

How to make easy money: 7 helpful websites that will have you loaded with little effort!

Are you tired of struggling to pay the bills? Or perhaps frustrated because you are still living under your

parent's roof when you *really* want to move on with your life? Whatever it is that you need money for, here's **7 helpful websites that will guarantee you income with little to no effort!**

1. **FreeSurvey.com:** subscribe now for free and start gaining money by taking surveys! Choose your categories, turn your notifications on and start making money right away! One survey, depending on its content, can give you from \$5 to \$20! Crazy way to make money, isn't it?
2. **WorldofFreelancer.com:** do you know more than a language? Are you an expert in programming or web design? Are you a reliable online secretary with organizing and professional skills? On this site you'll find this kind of opportunities and

more! What are you waiting for? There's a whole world of job offers out there waiting for your bid!

3. **Sugarbabyspot.com:** we guess that, given the name of this website, you already got a hint right? *wink* This way of making money might seem odd for older people (or shall we call them boomers?), but we guarantee you that it's a very popular phenomenon these days. Rich men and women from all around the world are ready to spoil you little brat in exchange for company – and sometimes a bit more...

www.sugarbabyspot.com

Welcome!

Hi there user! If you're new to this world, you're probably wondering how you ended up on this website and what's in here for you. Here's a few of our F.A.Q.s:

What's a sugar baby?

If you're still here reading with us we imagine you already know, but for those innocent enough not to know what it's about: people will actually pay to talk to them, flirt with them and more! Remember, user: **you** set the rules!

Is there an age, gender, sexuality restriction?

Yes, there is an age restriction: you must be of legal age, otherwise we won't allow you to take part to the program. Sorry sweetie, but safety first! If you're under eighteen, come back in a few years.

As for gender and sexuality: absolutely not! It can be a boy, a girl, a non-binary person and so on and so forth! Plus, there are lots of lesbian and gay partners that might match with you instantly!

How do I know if this is safe?

Our system has been used by millions of people, and some have stuck with us for years! A quick research through reviews of our site will prove that to you. For those who don't want to expose their real identity, we do have the option to be anonymous and use a fake name with no pictures – though users have had an higher chance of finding matches while having a profile pic on and a complete profile.

Are the matches allowed to demand content from me?

The matches can *ask* for content, but it will be completely up to you whether or not you want to comply with their request. As we always say to any of the users: **you** set the boundaries.

What if they want to meet up?

As goes for any other decision you make with your match, the choice is up to you. We always recommend the first encounters are in public places, and that you always tell someone where you're going and when, so that if something happens to you they'll be able to look for you.

If you're interested in being part of the community, click the button below to join us!

Eddie bit on his lower lip for a moment, before whispering «Fuck it», then clicked on the **Subscribe** button and started filling the blanks with his information. While doing that, he was thinking of Bill and how he would say that was a very shitty idea, that he could match with a sociopath who couldn't wait to slaughter him and use his skin as tapestry. Of course Eddie was feeling pretty anxious while he logged in for the first time, and even more anxious when he went through his pictures to choose the perfect one, though he chose none in hopes that Beverly was going to help him later.

Having grown up with Sonia Kaspbrak as a mother, he had ANXIETY constantly written on his forehead and he was not that good at

handling it. But his mother was the reason he was on that website, that morning, looking for ways to make money and disappear from her life forever.

He was so young and had so many dreams...but Sonia had been clear: he could either find a job in Derry and live with her until she died – *Eddie dear, how could you ever afford a house?* –, or he could get a degree as an accountant – *working with numbers is statistically safer, you wouldn't be exposed to anything!* –, but no sir! He wasn't about to let that happen, and that website might turn into an interesting challenge, since he had never been able to experiment with guys in that shithole of a town – he was curious to see if he was actually able to flirt and get out of his comfort zone.

«That's a terrible idea,» Bill instantly commented as soon as Eddie had finished telling them about his new project.

«Yeeeeess!» Beverly yelled, flicking her hair though there wasn't much left for her to, since she had cut it short on a Wednesday not long ago «You go Eddie! Get a rich daddy and fuck Sonia Kaspbrak!»

Eddie laughed and examined their dynamic: Bill was the conscience, Beverly was complete craziness and Eddie was the in-between; they always said that, if the two of them ever had kids, they'd look and act exactly like him.

He remembered a time in which he had had a crush for Bill, back in middle school, and how he hated Beverly because Bill had a crush on her. It had been a weird time in his life, when he was figuring out why he felt that way for boys instead of girls and he tried to balance his irritation and his love towards his only female friend. Things never really worked for Bill and Beverly, though, their friendship wasn't meant to flourish in romance, there was just too much brotherly and sisterly love between the two.

«Come on, Bill» Eddie groaned, feeling his friend's eyes on him as Beverly scrolled through his camera roll to find a good profile picture, «it's not the end of the world. I text and flirt with the guy, he

gets what he wants and gives me money.»

«I still think this is a stupid thing to do» he warned when he stood up, then peered over his friend's shoulder to look at the phone «but I guess I could give you a few tips on pictures».

In the end, they ended up going for a picture Bill had taken of him: only half of his body, covered in a yellow sweater, was visible, and he was laughing showing the crinkles by his eyes and a bright smile. «This really is you», Bill softly said, and hugged him «I hope you won't do anything too stupid».

«He's not going to volunteer for the fucking army Bill, he's having a good time with rich men!» Beverly snorted, then gasped when she refreshed his profile: three new messages.

Paul1969: Hi there, handsome. Is it really you in the picture?

Avoiding leaving the man on read, he merely checked for his profile: 50 years old man who lived in Ohio and looked for “handsome young boys to spoil”. No picture.

«Isn't he too old?»

«Uhm...how old is too old? I only speak money»

«Bev!»

Ignoring his two friends, Eddie archived his message and read the second.

TrashmouthT: Is my gay detector right? Have I just found the most precious thing on earth on this forsaken site?

Eddie bit on his lip and checked the profile out:

TrashmouthT: 23 years old man, New York. I like weird clothes, music, inappropriate jokes and I've got a dirty mouth (*wink*). Mom, if you're reading this, sorry.

Eddie let out a tiny laugh and checked out a few of his photos: he was Eddie's type. Tall, dorky, big glasses, messy hair, freckles, a few tattoos, piercings..he checked every box! Though to be fair, he never thought he'd meet his perfect type on a site where he was only really looking for money. *Uh-oh*, Beverly thought, *this one is about to get a big fat crush.*

Eddiebearxx: Your gay detector may be right, Trashmouth. How about we get to know each other and then we'll see if the most precious thing on earth is available for you and your weird clothes.

TrashmouthT: Already stalked my profile, huh? Well then, Eds, let's formally introduce. My name is Richie Tozier, Trashmouth for my friends, Daddy for you ;) I take it you really are eighteen, right? You're not scamming me and you're some kind of fourteen year old looking for adventure on the internet, are you?

Eddiebearxx: First of all, don't call me that. And yes, I am in fact eighteen. We'll see about what I should call you...I'll stick with Richie for now. What is a good looking man like you doing on this website?

TrashmouthT: What is a snack like you doing here? Bet so many men are trying to snatch you right now, yet you chose to talk to me. When and if, you're not talking to different men at once. The innocent ones like you are the worst...and I love them so much!

Eddiebearxx: Yeah I got a few messages already, but you caught my attention. If you manage to keep it, I might get exclusive...*mwah* You didn't answer my question.

Eddie was now a few feet away from Bill and Beverly, smiling stupidly at the screen as he waited for Richie's reply. He looked at his other messages and deleted two since they were from women, and that was some kind of forbidden territory for him even online.

TrashmouthT: Okay, you're determined, aren't you? Rich man, young, very stressed, looking for a cutie. When are you gonna ask me a \$200 Amazon gift card, though? Some have the audacity to ask right away. I usually give in, though, if they take nice booty pics.

«He sure knows how to pick words! I can feel your panties getting twisted, Eddie!» Beverly teased him, appearing behind him to read on his screen. He looked mildly offended as he pulled it to his chest, slapping her arm playfully «I feel outraged, Beverly! How dare you get your nose in my business?». They laughed a lot and spent the rest of the afternoon stupidly wandering around Derry, thinking about old memories (and teasing Eddie since he was constantly checking his phone and answering texts). «Our last summer together» Beverly sighed, pulling both boys in a hug «my little boys, so grown up! One about to become the best writer in the world, the other one a real bratty sugar baby in just one day!»

«Will you stop?» Eddie laughed «It's still me, just trying to find away out of my mom's death grip. A quick one, that is».

«I love you guys» Bill sighed, shaking his head at Eddie, «I'm gonna miss you so much.»

That night, in bed, Eddie felt overly excited and didn't understand why.

Was it because, for the first time in forever, he could openly flirt with a guy?

Was it because he was his ticket away from Sonia?

Was it because he actually liked the guy?

He had promised himself he wasn't going to get attached, he only needed the money.

But that night, deep inside him, he wasn't that sure he could make it

out of that situation without either a beautiful fiction-like romance or a broken heart.

2. cash that check

Summary for the Chapter:

TrashmouthT and Eddie have been talking for a week now, and Eddie gets a reality check when he wakes up one morning with \$500 on his account; shit, had he really almost forgotten the reason why he was on that website anyways?

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you everyone for the kind words on the last chapter! You are very nice and supportive as always.

TrashmouthT: Good morning, sunshine. I sent you \$500 on your account, go have fun today and enjoy your first gift ;) Hope you have some time for me.

Eddie woke up with that message and his eyes almost bulged out of his skull: \$500? He had only been talking to Richie for a week and, to be honest, he didn't expect to receive that much money! His plan had been taking a whole new form, and he was thinking he could ask him, in a month maybe, to get him away from Derry to New York. And then what? He didn't know, but a man as loaded as him surely could help him.

Eddiebearxx: I always have time for you, Richie. <3 And thank you thank you thank you! I didn't ask for money though?

TrashmouthT: I know, I just felt like making a gift. It's nothing, don't worry about it. I'm sorry but I have to go now, I have a meeting. Will you behave while I'm gone?

Eddiebearxx: Of course! *puppy dog eyes* I always behave. I'll be waiting for you.

Eddie had been kind of scared by the fact that he was, in fact, very kinky and the conversations with Richie slightly turned him on, from time to time. They talked a lot, except when Richie had to work or Eddie was with his friends. At first he thought the other one would get mad about it, but he understood he had friends and couldn't always be on his phone.

«Guys!» Eddie shrieked a few hours later when he came to Bill's house, where they met «Ohmygod!»

«What's up?» Beverly said, and he shoved her aside typing the password to Bill's computer «I need to show you something».

He logged in his online account that showed the \$500 Richie had sent him, with a tiny message he hadn't noticed earlier *For being an amazing human being*.

«Holy shit this dude is seriously rich!» Bill commented, «Did you send him nudes or something?»

«No!» Eddie said, offended.

«Not yet» Beverly singsonged, striking a few poses in the mirror. Eddie rolled his eyes at her, but he knew what she was implying wasn't totally false: he had considered the possibility of doing that in a near future, and while he had his doubts, he didn't feel ashamed at all. It was his body after all, wasn't it? And he was allowed to do whatever he wanted with it. Plus Richie was hot. *Really* hot.

«You know what these numbers mean, right?» Eddie devilishly smiled «*Online shopping!*»

By the time they had finished, Eddie had bought lots of new clothes from brands he couldn't find in Derry – and lots of those were pastel and rainbow pieces of clothing! –, while he had also decided to spoil Bill with some books that had been on his wish-list for very long and Beverly with new overalls and a new pair of Converse. The boy grabbed his things and left to go back home since it was almost dinner time already, almost running home with anticipation thinking of when Richie was going to send him a text again.

He took a quick shower, and wanted to have dinner but apparently

he couldn't, since his mother decided it was a good day to bother him.

«Eddie-kins, why have you been so obsessed with your phone lately? You know it can make you sick...» she started, though he wasn't having any.

«Yeah, right» he mumbled «I just have friends, Ma. And I talk to them».

«Like that Marsh girl?» she scoffed, «Filthy girl, I never liked her. And that Bill looks like a *homosexual*, makes me want to puke. Don't you ever imitate those people, Eddie dear, they get sick and die very young—»

«Enough!» Eddie yelled, slamming his hand on a table «Stop talking shit about my friends, Ma. And leave the homosexual talk for another day, okay? You already know it's pointless».

He went upstairs and then closed his bedroom door behind his back, plopping on the bed and opening his PC: while he could also answer the man's texts with his mobile app, he liked listening to music or watching series in the meanwhile. At eight no message came, and he frowned, feeling slightly annoyed.

Eddiebearxx: Hey, forgot about me already? >:(

After about twenty minutes, the answer finally came.

TrashmouthT: Sorry, baby, got busy with work today. Did I make you grumpy?

Eddiebearxx: Just a bit. I guess I can forgive you, mpfh. How has your day been?

TrashmouthT: Ugh, so stressful. I had an important meeting, and lots of dickheads who understand little to nothing.

Eddiebearxx: I wish I could make it better :c

TrashmouthT: Kiss it better?

Eddie giggled at the text and felt his cheeks grow pink. *Good job, really, you here working to get money by flirting and you blush at the mention of a kiss.*

TrashmouthT: Did you faint or something? I know my handsomeness might push you off the edge...

Eddiebearxx: Sorry, got distracted. Seriously tho, is there anything I can do for you?

TrashmouthT: Can we video-call? If it isn't uncomfortable or something for you, obv. And I guess your screen can fit my dick ;)

Eddiebearxx: I almost had an asthma attack laughing at that, thank you >.< and yes, we can video-call if you want. Just give me a minute and I'll call you.

Eddie took a second to compose himself, feeling like he was going to hyperventilate. It was just a stupid video-call, right? And the man had just sent him \$500, damn it! So he took a deep breath, laid stomach down on his bed and started the video-call. It took five seconds for the man to answer.

From his desktop Eddie could see the other one sitting in a leather chair, a white plain wall behind him. He was wearing a *suit*, which not only looked expensive but made him look fucking hot, too.

«Hi there» his voice made Eddie's stomach do back-flips, and he was sure he wasn't supposed to have a crush on a man who paid for him to flirt with him «cat got your tongue? Or am I just better looking than what I look like in pictures?»

Eddie came back to life and snorted loudly, rolling his eyes «Don't flatter yourself too much, Richie.»

There was a glint in the other one's eyes as he said «Careful there with your attitude», and then proceeded to add «just kidding, but you better stop submitting so easily or I'll catch the first flight and ask your mom permission to marry you.»

«Good luck with that» he whispered darkly, thinking about the fight they had earlier.

«Why, she homophobic or something?» Richie asked, getting comfortable as he loosened his tie and unbuttoned the first two buttons of his white shirt. Eddie noticed that Richie was so much more lively and playful than through text.

«Yeah, but can we talk about something else? For now.»

Richie nodded and smirked a little when he noticed how the younger boy was eyeing him.

«So, how has your day been?»

«It was fun» Eddie said, «I met up with Bill and Bev, and I did some online shopping. I might have gotten gifts for them, too...» and he went on rambling about his day. It wasn't new for Richie, listening – or usually reading – about his friends, his day, his little adventures...this boy, it really caught his attention. He was different from any other he had shortly dated in real life, or even texted in that website. He was spontaneous, smart, genuine, sassy, and he really wondered what had brought him to that website. But he decided the question could wait for another day, as he didn't want to ruin his mood.

«I'm sorry, I've been rambling, haven't I?» Eddie blushed and Richie

felt his hands itch to touch those cheeks.

«Yes, but that's adorable. I don't mind hearing of your day. Maybe we could make this video thing a thing.»

«Sure!» Eddie noticed he sounded way too excited, so he cleared his throat and said «What happened to the *I like weird clothes* guy? You're looking very fancy.»

«Ha! I also have a job, you know, and a reputation to keep. Plus it gets me in the mood to be honest, makes me think about having you on your knees in front of me right now.»

Eddie almost choked on his saliva as his cheeks turned red, but he couldn't deny how aroused Richie had made him feel with just a stupid sentence behind a computer. He squirmed a little regretting having laid on his stomach as he felt a slight erection between his legs.

«Oh god, that was so fucking hot» he whispered and his voice actually *cracked*.

«Now was it, Eds?» Richie was looking at him with eyes that could match the devil's.

«Uhm...» he really wanted to change the subject so he wouldn't have to jerk off in front of the man «where are your piercings?». His snake bites and his eyebrow piercing were missing, and Eddie pouted, since he liked them so much.

«Have to get them off for formal work occasions» Richie explained, a cocky smile on «you like them?»

«Guys with piercings are, like, ten million times hotter» he said, at which the other one loudly laughed «What? It's true!»

«I'll make sure to have them on next time we video-call», and then his phone rang. He picked up and mouthed for Eddie to wait a second.

«Yes, yes...I know! No, I know, Stanley. Calm down, you old lady! Yeah – that's what your mom said when she was here yesterday. Bwhahaha! Okay, don't worry, I'll do it tomorrow. I can't right now, I'm busy. Okay, bye, love you.»

As soon as the call ended, Eddie asked «Was that your boyfriend? Do you have one?» He hadn't considered the fact that the other one could easily have a boyfriend, and that he was just...someone to have fun with.

«Stanley? Oh no!» Richie barked out a laugh, then yawned «I have to

go now. I'm too tired, Eds.»

«It's okay, Richie. Goodnight» Eddie forced a smile as he looked at the other man from the other side of the screen.

«Oh and, Eddie?» Richie paused with his finger ready to close the video-call «I don't have a boyfriend or a girlfriend. You're the only guy in my life right now.»

we a bunch of losers and we know

sugareddie, billiard, bevthebest

sugareddie: did you change the group's names again, bev?

sugareddie: anyways, I need to talk to you guys ASAP!!

billiard: I guess she did, since I wouldn't purposefully call myself billiard. What's up?

bevthebest: here comes William with the perfect punctuation again pft what's up Eddie?

sugareddie: I video-called Richie tonight

sugareddie: and as we were talking

bevthebest: oh isn't it early for you two to be having cybersex?

billiard: Never understood how cybersex is even a thing. You better not have had cybersex with him though, Eddie!

sugareddie: he told me, I quote, "You're the only guy in my life right now"

sugareddie: can you guys please focus? Real crisis right here and right now!

sugareddie: he was wearing a suit and it was so hot I almost came in my pants

Eddie quickly deleted the last message, to no avail.

bevthebest: haha, we read that, horndog. you hopeless romantic...though i kind of ship you two, you know?

billiard: They never even met! He could be a serial killer! Don't jump to conclusions, Eddie, these people are used to flirt with other people. They have a way with words. I don't want to put you down, but go slow, okay? I don't want you getting hurt.

bevthebest: you always the party pooper, let the boy enjoy some romance, he never got any in this shitty town.

billiard: I'm not saying he shouldn't get romance! I'm just saying he should go slow, be careful.

sugareddie: Bill is right. Maybe I'm just over-fantasizing. I'm going to sleep you guys, sleep well...love you! <3

3. baby open your eyes and hold on tight

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie and Eddie get closer and closer...and then something new happens. ;)

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank youuu as always for all the love you're giving to this fanfiction *v*

The day his big order was delivered to him, Eddie really hoped his mom wouldn't be home: how could he explain to her where he got that much money to buy all those clothes? He then thought: *why would I explain her anything?*, and he visibly relaxed as he continued watching stupid YouTube videos. When the front door opened and closed (*when his mother slammed the door*), he knew he was alone and strolled downstairs to get something to eat, but just as he was about to get his sandwich ready, the doorbell rang. He left everything on the kitchen counter and sprinted outside, seeing the mailman with several boxes at his feet and a tiny sheet of paper «Eddie Kaspbrak? Can you sign here? These are yours.»

He signed the paper and got the boxes in his room, one by one, leaving aside Bill and Beverly's gifts to begin unboxing.

TrashmouthT: Hi there, sugar, how are you? I've been thinking about you.

Eddie read the preview of the message and thought of answering right away, but he was too excited about his clothes to text, plus he was doing something Bev taught him – he was *playing hard to get*, which he didn't really understand honestly: why would you run away from someone if you're into them?

At end of his unboxing he laid all of his clothes on the bed: two pairs of high waist jeans, a black one and a light blue one; several sweaters

in different colors (pink, baby blue, pastel green...); an overall with a rainbow heart on the front; a bunch of colorful t-shirts; two pairs of shoes (one white pair of Converse and black Vans); a jeans jacket and a cute gray beanie.

He immediately dressed in his high waist black jeans, tucked a pastel purple t-shirt inside and put on his black Vans. He snapped several pictures, then chose one where he was slightly turned and his ass was barely visible and sent it to Richie.

Eddiebearxx: Now have you? [image]

TrashmouthT: Damn. I get it your order has finally arrived? It was about time, it took a whole two weeks to get there. Bless my soul for having found you, you angel.

Eddiebearxx: I didn't mind the wait – the anticipation made it better...you know what I mean, right? What do you think of this one?
[image]

He had changed into the light blue jeans, which had a zip on the back that hugged his ass beautifully, and paired it with a short cut t-shirt that said ' *daddy issues* '. Eddie had gotten very good at flirting in those weeks, and he had found he enjoyed teasing the older man, almost like an hobby. Richie sometimes called him a brat, and he found it suited him perfectly.

TrashmouthT: I think you should stop, because I'm at work right now, and giving me a boner would be unfair.

Eddiebearxx: Now should I? [image] Is that what you really really

really want?

He snapped a picture of him kneeling on the floor in front of his full-length mirror, his tongue out in a teasing manner.

TrashmouthT: You have no idea what I really want right now.

Eddiebearxx: Then tell me, Rich.

TrashmouthT: I really want to have you bending on my desk while I pound into your ass.

Eddie gulped as he suddenly felt his throat very dry. He pictured what Richie sent and felt hot all over, his heart pounding in his chest due to the things that man made him feel. He felt like an horny teenager, but wasn't that true in some ways? Having grown up in Derry, he never got the chance to kiss a boy, let alone do anything else.

Eddiebearxx: The things you do to me, Rich...

TrashmouthT: Are you up for a video-call tonight?

Oh, shit. Does he want me to give him a private show or something?, he thought, because I don't know if I'm ready for that.

TrashmouthT: Stop freaking out, Eds, I don't want you to undress for me via chat or something – though I wouldn't say no if you offered ;) I just want to talk. I miss your voice.

Eddie's heart jumped out of his chest at those words.

Eddiebearxx: I miss you too. It's fine by me.

About 328 km away from Eddie, Richie was trying to pay attention to that fucking meeting, but he was too caught up in the eighteen year old on his phone. He looked beautiful, and he felt like something was about to grow between the two of them...or was it just his imagination? In the end, they met on a website because little Eddie Kaspbrak needed money, and it just so happened that Richie was young and loaded. He had grown up as the only son of one of the most important men of America, owner of impressively successful industries, hotel chains, restaurants...as you named it, his father had nailed it.

Unfortunately, money doesn't always make you happy, especially if your father was too caught up with his work and his fame to be present in your life. Richie was thankful for what he had, but he handled his fame and his money with caution as he didn't want to end up like Wentworth Tozier: overdosed in a fancy hotel room.

«Richard? Are you listening to us?» his counselors were trying to get his attention for a while now, talking about how to manage one of their best hotels during summertime.

«Yes, I am» he lied, then straightened up «I think we should stick with how we have always managed that hotel, except we start raising our prices for VIP rooms – they are called that for a reason. And we make the economy ones just a tad lower: that is one of the hotels that

must be accessible to people from any social rank. Not just privileged little shits like me. Question dismissed. Next!».

«We must talk about that old building we confiscated with the help of the police last week», a bearded man intervened «what should we do with it?»

«I want to transform that in an animal shelter,» he decided, a small smile playing on his lips as he turned to his friend Ben «do you want to check everything out and redesign the place, Haystack?»

«Sure» the architect said, looking like a kid who just got a playground all to himself.

«I'll email you later with the details of the work. But for today, gentlemen, I think that's enough. I'm craving some McDonald's».

Instead of going to get food, though, Richie went straight to his car and drove home. He was wearing black jeans, a plain black t-shirt and a black and red checkered shirt, his piercings on and his hair as messy as ever. He wasn't always required to look professional, and he liked his casual look way more.

He hummed a song as he texted his beloved Eddie.

TrashmouthT: Just got home baby boy, you in the mood to talk?

Eddiebearxx: I'm in the mood to talk and a lot more for you.

TrashmouthT: Huh, you seem very flirty today. I was thinking about something, though, and I've been wanting to ask you for a long time. What made you decide to subscribe to this website anyways? You don't look that greedy for money or gift cards or expensive gifts.

He waited for Eddie to answer, and for a while he was afraid he had scared him off. Damn his curiosity.

Eddiebearxx: It's pretty personal, and I hope it won't bother you. I...I want to run away from my mother. She is a manipulative bitch, and we've been on a long stressing fallout ever since I was fifteen and something bad happened. Now I am eighteen and I can finally, legally go away. I thought this was the quickest way to make money, and then I met you. And my whole perspective on this thing changed.

TrashmouthT: Changed? How so?

Eddiebearxx: 'cause I actually like you. I thought I would only meet old creeps, but these past three weeks you have been very nice to me, didn't pressure me into anything...and you're hot, too.

Richie barked out a laugh before texting back.

TrashmouthT: I'm glad I can make this as pleasant as it can be, Eds. Can I ask what happened with your mom?

Eddiebearxx: I don't really feel like talking about it right now, it still gets to me. She isn't the only reason I wanna get away, though...Derry is an hellhole. Homophobic, claustrophobic shitty little town, not the best place to grow up in for a gay guy like me.

TrashmouthT: Did somebody ever hurt you?

Richie felt a pang of anger as he thought of anyone, ever hurting Eddie. He was sure he would have crushed them.

Eddiebearxx: Well yeah, I've been bullied ever since middle school. The worst of it came from Henry and his goons, though. Me, Bill and Bev were 'The Losers', and they'd always pick on me the most. I was fragile, small and suffered from asthma, an easy target. Even beat me up pretty badly a few times. But Bill protected me mostly, there were just times when they caught me alone.

TrashmouthT: Have you and Bill ever...kissed, or anything?

Eddiebearxx: HAHHAHAHA, noo! I did have a crush on him for a long time, but there was just too much brotherly love between us two, same as with Beverly. His bisexual ass needs to get out of here, too, I guess. We all want to get away.

Richie started thinking of the possibility of getting Eddie, and maybe his friends if he really wanted to, there with him. He could have anything he wanted, anything at all, Richie would have gotten it for him. Spoiled to death, protected, but mostly free. He could feel, by the way he wrote, how much freedom that boy was lacking, how he craved adventure, experiences.

TrashmouthT: So I don't really have to be jealous of Big Bill ;) nice. Oh, by the way, I earlier charged \$1000 on your account, I had forgotten. Always check it out, I might send you something and then forget.

Eddiebearxx: Richie! You sent me \$1500, not \$1000! That's so much money, are you sure? I feel like such a burden ugh.

The man laughed thinking that, if \$1500 were a burden for Eddie, he would have flipped shit with a \$10000 gift. But he wanted to go slow, afraid he'd freak out, and still wanted to test the waters and see if this thing they had going could go somewhere else.

TrashmouthT: Don't worry about it, it's fine. Hey, are you up for a call?

Eddiebearxx: Sure! Just a sec.

As Richie waited for his call, Eddie scrambled up from his bed and closed his bedroom door, checking himself out quickly in the mirror before pushing the green button. Richie appeared on the screen, only he was *very* different from usual: his clothes were extremely casual, he had all of his piercings on and the sleeves of the shirt were rolled up enough to show some of his tattoos.

«Shit» Eddie muttered, checking him out without any trace of shame on his face «you look good»

«Aw, don't make me blush!» Richie faked a British accent and put his hands on his cheeks «You silly boy!»

The two laughed, though Eddie couldn't deny how he wished he could kiss the man, touch his arms and run his hands on his – *shit, stop, Eddie !*

«So, how was work?» the younger boy asked, a mischievous smile on his lips remembering the teasing the other one had to endure earlier.

«You're such a brat» Richie commented, but then his voice cracked and became deeper thinking back of those pictures «stop teasing me».

«Why should I? It's fun» Eddie shrugged, sticking his tongue out at him and making sure he shifted *oh so slightly* so that his butt was visible in the camera.

«Well» Richie started, undoing his belt and unbuttoning his jeans «I guess you called it upon yourself, didn't you?»

The man's hoarse voice turned Eddie on to no end, though what he did next had him moan lowly: Richie stuck a hand in his pants and started jerking off slowly, without ever breaking eye contact.

«Feels so good» he mumbled, his head falling back and his eyes closing as he went slightly faster.

Eddie felt his eyes glued on the screen even if nothing was particularly visible, except the man's hand flexing as he stroked himself «Join me, if you want ». He didn't think about it too much, sitting up straight so he could stick his hand in his pants, touching his already erected cock. Low moans fell from his mouth, and Richie's eyes turned dark as he noticed what the younger boy was doing,

biting on his lip as he went faster and faster.

«Eddie-bear, are you home?» his mother called from outside of his room.

«I'm busy, go away!» Eddie managed to get out, thankful for his habit of locking the door.

«You dirty fucker, you got your nickname just in spite of your mother?» Richie grunted, then moaned again.

«Please Rich – I need...» Eddie didn't know what he needed, or well, he couldn't really get what he wanted, but the other one looked turned on from his dirty talk, so he continued «...I need you, please, just – cum already».

And as he moaned those last words out, Richie came with a loud sound, making Eddie cum too.

The two stood there, panting, for a few seconds before the younger one blushed and stuttered «U-uhm...»

Richie huffed out «Shit, that was way more intense than what I had imagined. Go get cleaned up, baby boy, I'll talk to you later. Behave». And with that, he closed the video-call.

4. I'm only one call away

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you soooOoOoo much for the comments and the bookmarks and the inboxes and the kudos, this is really sweet! Sometimes I think y'all are overreacting, people are sending me messages saying they love this fic! And like that's crazy but at the same time so heart warming, I really appreciate every single one of you *v*

Eddiebearxx: I'm with Bill and Beverly, they say hi!! [image]

TrashmouthT: Hi Big Bill, hi Mrs. Marsh! [image] Hope you guys are having fun while I listen to Stanley ramble about finances.

The picture he had sent had him rolling his eyes with his tongue out and Stanley, his accountant and best friend, behind him with an annoyed look on his face. There was even Mike, a guy he had barely talked to during a video-call, though from what he had gathered he was like an half-brother to Richie; he made a mental note to ask about him later, just out of curiosity.

After their sexual video-call session, he and Eddie had grown even closer, and the younger boy got to meet during one of their usual night talks Ben and Stan. They were nice and were just two years older than him and his friends, but they never actually talked.

Eddiebearxx: I think Bill was looking at Stan with that heart-eyes emoji look. Ha. You look handsome though.

TrashmouthT: Thank you, cutie. So I was wondering...I am free next week. Do you want me to come visit?

Eddie's heart stopped as his friends gasped. Even Bill had come to like Richie, after they talked a few times, and they all knew how infatuated their friend was with this guy. The fun thing was, even Richie seemed kinda into Eddie, and not only in a sexual way. Eddie pushed the video-call button and Richie's smiling face appeared, Stanley behind him typing something on the computer.

«Eeeeeek!» his screech made them all flinch «Are you serious?!» Behind him, Beverly was making obscene gestures while Bill blushed and rolled his eyes at her, and Richie burst into a fit of laughter when Eddie turned around and slapped her arm. «Of course I'm serious, Eds», he said «I really want to bang your mom, that's on my to do list and you know it!»

These mom jokes had started recently, but Richie seemed to have new ones every time they talked. It was slightly extenuating .

«Beep beep, Richie» Stan muttered without looking up from his work, and Eddie perked up when he shut his mouth.

«Was that some kind of shut-up-button? That's genius!»

«Well thank you» Stanley smirked, finally looking at the phone and raising a brow «no wonder you got this boy so whipped, you *are* cute. Though I wished you hadn't met in those circumstances...»

«Agreed» Bill mumbled, and Stan looked at him briefly with a weird glint in his eyes.

«Stop eye-fucking, you two!» Beverly intervened, grabbing Eddie's phone and talking to Richie «You better come with a pack of Marlboro, Tozier, or you won't be allowed in my baby's pants!»

Everyone laughed as Eddie, being small, struggled to get his phone back. He pouted and stomped his feet until Bill actually took it and handed it to him «Thank you, Billie. And Richie! Yes, come please please pleeeeeease».

«Let's see what I can do» he hummed, before winking and closing the video chat.

TrashmouthT: [image] Do you like this one? Do you think I should get it or nah?

He had sent Eddie a photo of a big hot tub, with hydromassage and all.

Eddiebearxx: Only if I can get in with you ;)

TrashmouthT: I guess that can be arranged. I'll probably get it in black, you know? Looks fancier.

Eddiebearxx: I'm really horny right now. Fuck. Never happened to me before, not like this.

TrashmouthT: How horny, exactly?

Eddiebearxx: This horny. [image]

He had snapped a quick picture of his clothed booty in Bill's bathroom, unable to contain that hotness he was feeling.

TrashmouthT: I can only imagine how good it feels to grab that, shit. You would look so good bending on my desk.

Eddiebearxx: Can't wait for you to visit ;)

Eddie left Bill's house that day with his heart beating furiously in his chest, and almost *skipped* instead of walking. As he was near his house, someone grabbed him by the arm and slammed him against the nearest wall.

«Hi, fag, where are you going so late?».

He could've recognized that voice anywhere: Henry Bowers, obviously followed by Patrick Hockstetter, Belch Huggins and Victor Criss.

«Let me go» he struggled beneath his weight, trying to break free, yet he was way stronger than him.

Eddie was starting to panic: what did they want from him?

«You thought we were just gonna let you wander around Derry, being this homo? Wearing crop tops and shit?» he pinned his arms above his head while Belch laughed and his two other goons were ready to attack. Henry had the audacity to grope him, then turned him around and motioned for Patrick to have his way. The maniac ground his hips in Eddie's clothed ass «You like that, don't you, slut? You're just a worthless slut, a fag.»

Eddie gagged as he felt Patrick's erection and his instinct kicked in: he pushed his knee in Henry's crotch, making him howl in pain and let go enough for him to start running away. He heard him groan and yell «What are you assholes doing? Get him!»

He felt his chest close as it did when he was little and believed he had asthma, his knees buckle...but something stronger overcame him: anger. He sprinted and ran faster than he ever did, hearing their footsteps behind him. He got to his house, slammed the door open and shut it for good, just in time for Patrick Hockstetter to slam his nose and break it with an ugly sound.

Eddie took the steps two at a time, his chest heaving, and locked his bedroom door behind him. Took the computer from the desk and sat it on the bed, logged into his account and pushed the familiar green

button. Richie's worried face instantly appeared on the screen: he had messy hair and was in bed, looking tired.

«Eds? Is everything –» he froze, then asked «are you okay? Why are you crying?»

Eddie touched his face only to notice big tears rolling down his cheeks, and he was still panting «I'm scared, Richie, they – he – I ran away...» his anxiety and the shame he felt made it impossible for him to speak.

«Shh...» Richie whispered, «it's okay, Eddie, I'm here. I'm right here, you're safe. Get in bed and lay with your PC by your side». The younger boy obeyed though he didn't stop sobbing. He turned off the light and the screen illuminated his face.

«Don't leave» he whispered, «please.»

«I won't. Now close your eyes, baby boy...I'm right here» and he began humming a song for him to calm down.

At some point, Eddie had fallen asleep, though he never closed that video-call. He stayed up until one a.m., thinking that whoever did that to his Eddie would suffer. A lot.

When Eddie woke up that morning, he noticed that the sun was barely up and heard soft snoring sounds coming from besides him: Richie had fallen asleep with the video-call on, and his heart swelled because of his thoughtfulness. He finished the call and quietly got up, feeling like he needed a shower.

He looked at himself in the mirror while he waited for the water to be hot enough, and couldn't stop thinking about the night before, their insults going around in circles in his mind, the feel of them touching him making him gag once again.

He stripped down and got into the shower.

Slut.

He started violently scrubbing himself, feeling his skin grow raw with each movement, yet it wasn't enough.

Fag.

He wondered how abuse victims lived through what they suffered. He wondered how far they would've gone, if he hadn't fought back.

You like it, don't you?

When he got out, he quickly got dressed and headed back to his room.

TrashmouthT: Good morning, how are you feeling?

Eddiebearxx: Good morning, Richie. Sad and tired. I took a shower and I'm back in bed. Don't feel like going out.

TrashmouthT: You wanna tell me what happened?

Eddie took a shaky breath, not because he didn't trust Richie but because he felt very ashamed.

Eddiebearxx: Remember those guys I talked to you about? Bowers' Gang.

TrashmouthT: What about them?

Eddiebearxx: As I was walking home yesterday, they got me. Henry slammed me against a wall, called me awful names. He groped me. I tried to get away but he was with his three friends. I feel like gagging... He turned me around for one of his friends to grind into my ass. I kicked him in the balls and managed to outrun them, and then I called you...

TrashmouthT: Don't leave the house, okay? Call Bill or Beverly to keep you company, it's not good for you to be alone. You'll be okay

baby boy.

In New York, Richie Tozier punched a hole in his bedroom's wall, and ordered one of his housekeepers to get the car ready.

«Stan? Richie here. Sorry to bother you, I know you're not my secretary, but I can't trust anyone with this. Cancel all my meetings, I'm going to Derry today.»